

When I Was Seven -
Sea Memories.

2 In the lives of most mature people enough of interest and adventure has occurred to make at least one fairly good story. Why should I not tell mine?

My father was a New Bedford whaling captain for many years. His voyages were long ones, of three or four years duration, with but a few intervening months at home.

I did not feel very well acquainted with him. He stood out as a wonderful being who was with us occasionally for a brief period, a period of wild excitement over the strange things he brought home, and of unalloyed happiness in the possession of a father just like the other little girls. And nothing was too good for his little daughter while he was at home.

In those long ago days sea captains were sometimes allowed to take their families with them. My mother was fortunate enough to have already made one voyage, and my brother Henry had been born on the island of Mahé one of the Seychelles group. Then when I was seven years old we all went for a four years voyage in the Indian Ocean.

Of the preparations for the voyage I have no memory. My first clear impression is of one episode of the day of departure. The pilot had left us, we were clear of land, the vessel was ploughing along through a rather rough sea, and I was pacing the quarter deck by the side of my father. It was a great moment, for Mother had already succumbed to the pitching and tossing, and gone below to the seclusion of her cabin, and Henry had soon followed her,

but I, I was triumphantly walking by the side of my father undisturbed by the motion, as yet. But it was not long before I too began to feel strange. The deck, for some unaccountable reason, seemed rising to meet me, and it grew harder and harder to walk erect as my father did, and make the turns at each end of the quarter deck. Several times Father said, "What's the matter, getting tired, don't you want to go below?" But each time I answered bravely, "Oh no, I'm all right."

However, there came a time when I could hardly stumble along, and Father helped me down to the cabin and gave me into the care of the Steward. That was my last appearance on deck for two weeks, and when I finally felt equal to it I was obliged to learn to walk, to acquire

my "sea legs", as they say. Henry was sick only a week, but poor Mother was miserable for more than a month, until we reached the Azores, in fact.

Our stay at these islands was not long, and after leaving them, and having overcome the handicap of seasickness, our life on shipboard took on a daily routine which was, of course, disturbed by the sight of whales, visits to various ports, and, occasionally, by a severe storm.

The daily routine ran something like this -. Breakfast was at seven, dinner at twelve, and supper at six. In the morning from nine o'clock until twelve Henry and I were busy with our lessons. Mother, having been a teacher, was perfectly capable of arranging our

studies, and keeping us occupied.

2 | Work was arranged so that while
 1 | my brother was reciting I was study-
 ing, and vice versa. | As an incen-
 tive to good work and good behavior,
 our credits were turned into spending
 money when we went into port.

2 | (Mother made our work very inter-
 1 | esting, and to me at least, the time
 did not seem long.) From one to
 two in the afternoon I was obliged
 to sew. Sometimes it was a pleasant
 hour and the sewing went smoothly,
 but not always. There were times
 when the injustice of letting Henry
 roam the decks at will, and do
 any entertaining thing he chose,
 while I, just because I was a
 girl, must sit and sew was hard
 to bear. On those afternoons when
 Mother read aloud, and Henry

staid around, even though he did nothing, the sewing went well and did not have to be taken out the next day, as sometimes happened. After the sewing I was free from further duties and could enjoy myself with my many pets, my dolls, books, and other play-things. Sometimes there was good fishing, and then there was plenty of excitement. After supper we played games, and then sat with Mother in the stern watching the stars and talking until bed-time.

Of course the real business of the voyage was the catching of whales, and there was a sharp lookout kept for them at the mast-heads from sunrise until sunset.

There were many false alarms for finbacks, blackfish, and various

other kinds of whales, before we really saw the sperm whale, which was the kind for which we were looking. Sometimes we sighted sperm whales which were very far away, or going fast, or seen just at night, too late to lower the boats.

I well remember the first one we actually caught. It must have been in the afternoon because Henry had been a naughty boy in school that forenoon, and Mother had sent him to his stateroom, and forbidden him to come on deck again that day. And to think that we should get our first whale that afternoon!

I know Mother felt very badly that it should happen that way, and I was almost as heart-broken as Henry, but then he had known of just that possibility when he persisted in

being naughty, and I suppose the lesson was good for him.

How excited I was watching the preparations for lowering the boats, the chase, the capture of the whale, and its subsequent towing to the ship. (Only one boat was successful.)

Every few moments I ran below to report progress to Henry. All he could see, of course, was a small section of the ocean through the round port-hole window of his stateroom.

However, the next morning we were both up very early watching the process of "cutting in", the birds, the sharks, and all the other interesting things.

No school that day you may be sure. We saw many other whales caught and cut in before the four year's voyage ^{very} was over, but never again did it seem quite so wonderful.

And now we were drawing near our first Christmas at sea, and getting very anxious as to where we should find presents for everybody. Mother gave us the idea of making button bags for the men, and she promised to help us with needle books for the officers. There were nearly thirty men and four officers, so Henry and I had plenty to do. We worked hard and were greatly excited.

When Christmas came we had a little bag with a needle book and piece of tobacco in it for Father, and each of the officers, steward, cook and steerage boy. We distributed our button bags with a Merry Christmas to each sailor forward. Steward and Cook made molasses candy, and that with raisins did for confectionery.

Christmas Eve we hung up our stockings, and in the morning found them full to overflowing. Mother had kept some things hidden for the occasion, such as a knife for Henry and a doll for me, also a book for each of us. Then there were contributions from all parts of the ship, the officers, Steward, and many of the sailors brought a variety of things. We found artificial flowers, fancy soap, rings and tooth picks made from the ivory of whale's teeth, and to cap the climax Father gave us each a gold dollar. We had an extra fine dinner fore and aft, and altogether, we never enjoyed a Christmas much more.

A few days after Christmas we rounded Cape of Good Hope and headed for the Indian ocean which was to be our whaling ground.

About this time we children had our first sight of green turtle. We reached Europa island in the Mozambique channel and "stood off an' on" while some of the boats went on shore for turtle. In all they brought off nine, and there was a change of diet for all hands, turtle soup, cake and custard from the eggs, and the meat cooked in various ways. The turtles seemed very large to me, and I had great fun riding around the deck on their backs, being very careful to keep my feet away from their mouths. (We were always glad to get turtle aside from having a change of diet, for Steward would make turtle oil which has very healing qualities and is of great medicinal value.) ?

Often when we passed islands where there were turtle we would send a boat's crew ashore to patrol the beach for a night, and turn over on their backs any turtles coming up from the water to lay their eggs in the sand. On their backs they were helpless and could not get away, and in the morning they could be brought on board the ship.

Our first port after rounding the Cape was Delagoa Bay on the south eastern coast of Africa. I was much impressed with the appearance of the first boat that came off to us from the shore. It contained two white men and six or seven black slaves whose costumes took my attention. I thought they were in black uniforms, and my exclamation.

tions caused much amusement for the older people. Great was my astonishment when they came on board and I saw they were without clothes, just a "tappa" cloth around the loins, and the black uniform was their skins.

We stopped in Delagoa Bay about a week getting wood, water, and fruit, and letting the men go ashore for a change. (We brought off a live bullock from shore to use for fresh meat later. I remember feeling much sympathy for the poor thing when it was hoisted on deck and loved so pitifully.)

I went on shore several times. One visit in particular I recall when Mother also went, and we made calls on the governor and other officials who had visited us. These officials

were Portuguese at that time and it was necessary to have an interpreter for much conversation. At each place we were treated to some cooling drink, cakes, fruit etc.; shown pictures of their home people in Lisbon, and listened to music from music boxes. After the calls we took a walk outside of the town to the sand hills, and sat under a cassia tree to rest. Father and I climbed one of the hills and brought back his handkerchief full of sand. I remember how hot the sand was to my feet, truly "burning sands", and how glad I was to get away from it.

While we were sitting under the tree I planted one of my cassia nuts, and one of the slaves put sticks around it to mark the spot. Our interpreter said it would be sure to

grow, and it would be called "Nellie's tree". I felt quite important. At the Governor's house we were given some beautiful birds, most of which we set at liberty at the next port. I saw quite a number of Caffirs with animal skins thrown around them, they looked fierce to me. Father bought a tiger skin and some smaller skins from them.

After we left Delagoa Bay we ^{went} made our way northward through the Mozambique channel, always searching for whales. We saw very few, and often the weather was too stormy to lower the boats for them, but occasionally one of the boats would get one, and sometimes all four boats would be successful. Then indeed there were lively

times.

My favorite place for watching the cutting in process was the star-board boat which, as it hung on its davits, afforded a fine view of everything, the men as they stood on the staging, cutting the blubber, the many sharks stealing bites from the carcass, and frequently getting ^{and} a cut from the men's spades; the wide blanket pieces of blubber being slowly raised by the tackle until they were high enough to be cut from the main piece, then swung over the deck and lowered into the hold. Then the hooks were fastened into the blubber again and another blanket piece slowly rose. I was perfectly safe in the boat, and used to sit there by the hour watching all the many interesting things attending the

cutting us of a whale.

It was now growing steadily warmer as we neared the equator, and to add to our discomfort the cook, an old colored man, became sick, so sick that we gave up our cabin or deck to him that he might be more comfortable. He had some kind of a fever. Father, of course, had to act as doctor, and with the aid of his medicine chest do the best he could for him. After nearly two months sickness he finally recovered, and we had our cabin back again. It was our school room and general living room in good weather, and to be deprived of it was a real sacrifice, but without doubt Cook owed his life to the fresh air and good care he received. Passing Aldabra island we stopped

for a day and night to get wood and green turtles.

We all went on shore for the afternoon, and while Father and the men were busy getting wood, Mother and I strolled along the beach picking up shells, or sat on the sand and watched the birds and the waves. There were only a few men and boys on the island, sent there to collect turtle shell. They had been there several months and were very glad to see us all. Late in the afternoon we had a long boat-ride up the lagoon for the last load of wood, and then the long pull back to the ship. I remember how very beautiful it all was in the fading twilight, but I was tired and very sleepy before we reached the ship.

After Aldabra we spent awhile

cruising for whales, caught some and then headed for the island of Johanna, one of the Comoro group, and a favorite port for whalers at that time. We had been in sight of the islands a number of times, and Henry and I had made sketches of them as part of our lessons. Henry was very clever with his pencil and enjoyed such work, but it was hard labor for me.

There are several islands in the Comoro group, but Johanna was the best known to whalers. As I remember, it was a mountainous island in the center with the land gradually sloping downward to the sea. Very near to one end was a small island shaped like a saddle, and appropriately named Saddle island. There was a walled town

and a good harbor. The inhabitants, with the exception of the slaves, were Mohammedans, an Arab mixture, very friendly to the whalers.

The islands belong to the French now, and they may have then, but they were ruled by Kings.

The King of Johanna seemed a very pleasant and friendly man. My father, on his previous voyages had seen him many times, and knew him quite well. Father also knew many of the older Johannamen, having had business dealings with them. There was one Englishman there then, a Mr. Sunley, who had lived a long time on his large sugar plantation in the interior of the island. I didn't see him, but Father called on him, and later when we stopped at Mauritius, Mother and I went to see his two

little girls who were being educated at a convent there.

Soon after we anchored the decks were filled with Johannamen, most of them eager to trade. They brought rose-oil, shells, vegetables, fruit, mats and many other things, and were very noisy and talkative. A good many of them could speak English, having learned it from the whalers and English vessels that came there. To Father it was an old story, and Mother had been there before, but to Henry and me it was a wildly exciting occasion.

The next day the King and his suite and Prince Mahomet and his suite came on board to make official visits. The King had an American secretary, a man who had travelled considerably, run away from a ship, turned Mahom-

medan, and decided to remain in Johanna. The King seemed very fond of him.

I liked the King very much although he teased me frequently, trying to make me say I would remain on the island, marry the little Prince, and be the future Queen. I took it quite seriously and was troubled, but told him I could never change my religion, and of course Prince Shinto could never become a Christian, so that romance was nipped in the bud.

We returned the official visits of the King and Prince Mohammed very soon. We saw three of the King's wives, and three children, Riak, Shinto, and Fatima. Rukia, about eight years of age, was away, but we saw her later. The wife who was the mother

of the children was sick the day of our call.

At Prince Mohammed's we saw a great many beautiful things which he had brought home from his travels. He had just returned from a number of years travel in England, France, Italy, and the East. He had lived some years in Constantinople, and showed us his court suit, his robes of real cashmere lined with silk and embroidered with gold thread, his decorations and swords, and many other interesting things. He didn't seem to have any wives, but he had brought home from Constantinople four Circassian slaves. One of them he left with the Sultan of Zanzibar, one he gave to the King, and two he kept himself. They were shown to us. One had dark hair and eyes, and was

very pretty, the other was very delicate looking, with auburn hair and blue eyes. I was very much interested in them because their faces were so white in contrast to the dark skin of the Mohammedans, and because they had been bought as slaves.

We made several other calls that day, and at each place Mother and I were objects of great interest, especially to the women, who were most curious about our clothes and general appearance. We were presented with many gifts such as necklaces, scented rosettes, rose oil, fans etc.

One day we were invited to dine with the King. We went on shore about one o'clock and were met at the Palace door by one of the courtiers, Seede by name. He took me by the hand and led us

to the reception room where the King and his courtiers awaited us. I have a memory of a long, somewhat narrow room with the King seated at one end in a large chair, and the courtiers seated on either side of the room also in large chairs. By the side of each chair was a high silver spittoon, necessary, as every Johannaman chewed the betel-nut. It was a very bright, beautiful scene. The furniture was covered in crimson silk, and the costumes of the men were long, flowing robes of rich colors elaborately embroidered with gold thread. They also wore brilliant colored sashes and various decorations, carried gold and silver mounted swords, and on their heads wore white or colored turbans.

As we entered they all rose and

the King came forward a little to greet us. He gave Mother the seat of honor, and Father a seat near by. Henry and I sat one on each side of Mother.

As soon as we were seated, the King waved his hand and all the courtiers except Prince Mohammed, Seede, and Duncan, the King's secretary, left the room. They were sent away for fear it would annoy Mother to have so many men looking at her. Really Mother would have enjoyed looking at their beautiful costumes a little longer, and she was quite accustomed to seeing nothing but men on shipboard.

Soon we had dinner. I remember particularly several kinds of breads, cakes, and preserves, unlike anything I had ever eaten before. There was

also beef, fowl and vegetables, but their religion did not allow pork or its use in cooking. Little Prince Shinto sat at the table for the first time, out of courtesy to Henry and me, I suppose. After dinner we saw the women of the household and the other children. I had a fine time with Rukia, about my age, who took me to her apartments and showed me various things with which to make oneself more beautiful. She wanted to put something dark under my eyes, and to give me some betel nut to chew, but I refused. We saw the mother of the children, who had been ill on our previous call. Again we were given presents before leaving, among other things a guinea-hen, which the King gave me to take the place of Dick, my pet pigeon, that had been accidentally.

killed.

While we were in Johanna I had my first sight of an English man-of-war, The Cossack, Captain Parish. She carried three hundred men which seemed a great many to me, as our crew numbered only thirty. The Cossack anchored near us, and evenings we could hear her sailors singing and playing. They spent much time in target practice. One night about midnight they "beat to quarters" and fired two broadsides. Such a noise! For fear she might be frightened, the Captain sent word to Mother of his intentions, but it was a great surprise to most everybody. Henry and I were sent to bed early that night, but Mother promised to call us in time for the firing, which she did, and of course

we were greatly thrilled.

We went on board the Cossack, also entertained the captain and officers on our vessel, and, as usual, exchanged books and papers. The children were greatly delighted with two bound volumes of the London Illustrated News, which were a great source of instruction and entertainment for us, and we never tired of looking at them.

While in Johanna and elsewhere we saw many other whalers, the Atlantis, Capt. Esau; Laconia, Capt. Luce; Falcon, Capt. Richmond; John Dawson, Capt. Weeks; Para, Capt. Worth; Aray Taft, Capt. Howland, and more that I do not recall. We had a great time gambling. Gambling is visiting. When two ships have a gam the captain of one of them, with perhaps one of his officers, and the

boat's crew, of course, will go on board of the other, and from the other some officers and a boat's crew will go to the first vessel. So both ships are entertaining and being entertained. Books and papers, fruit, vegetables, and gossip are freely exchanged.

Perhaps because Father had his family with him, the captains usually came on board of our ship. Often while we were in Johanna we would have five or six captains to supper, and then a crowd in the evening both fore and aft. There was always music, and frequently dancing. Plenty of partners for me, being the only little girl and Mother not dancing. Of course I was not allowed to go forward beyond the quarter deck, but there were plenty of jolly captains and officers. The music for the most part came from accordions, banjos,

and combs, with occasionally a violin. I suppose those old whalers have long since ended their usefulness, and most of the captains and officers are no longer living, but I shall always remember their kindness to me, and their efforts to make me happy.

When we were not in port we rarely met more than one vessel at a time, and the game was usually of shorter duration the weather sometimes preventing any visit. We were often able to send home letters by passing ships bound direct to some port. Occasionally a ship would bring us letters from home. The home folks of sea-faring men in New Bedford often sent letters by every vessel that sailed in the hope of a chance meeting. Wasted effort many times, but how greatly appreciated when successful. Of course the letters and papers might be six months or

more old, but that didn't matter, it was news of home and the world.

After leaving Johanna we went on a long cruise off the coast of Arabia.

I remember sitting in the stern with Mother, in the early evenings, watching the light of the ship's wake, the stars, and the very distant lightening over the far away land. We spent many evenings that way. Mother tried to interest us in the stars, and we learned to find and recognize quite a number of them.

We saw very few whales and had bad luck with many we did see. Sometimes we sighted them just at sunset, sometimes they were going so quickly there was no hope of overtaking them. Then a boat would be fast to a whale and the irons would break, or the line part and the whale

get away. Everybody grew anxious and discouraged. Occasionally we gammed with a vessel that had had worse luck, and that was a bit cheering, of course.

Cruising in sight of Ceylon we went near enough to the land for the natives to come off to us in their boats. They brought jewelry and trinkets to trade for cloth, tobacco, knives, etc. The jewelry was very attractive, and everybody did more or less trading. Mother bought some of the imitation gems so that Henry and I might become familiar with the color and appearance of real precious stones.

It was during this long cruise that we encountered a very severe gale, the worst we experienced during the voyage. I quote a description from my mother's journal.

"The gale was very severe Sunday night, no one could sleep. I went on deck several

times during the night (just in the cabin doorway) to get an idea of the wild scene. The noise of the wind exceeded that of thunder. It was a wild, black, wearisome night, with no rest for anyone. The barometer continued to fall and the gale to increase during the greater part of yesterday (Monday). At half past ten we cut away the fore-top-gallant mast. This eased the ship very much. She "lay to" with the least bit of sail - goose-winged main top-sail. The hatches were battened down and every precaution taken to keep the water from getting below, yet everything was wet. The skylight was covered with boards, fires and cooking were not to be thought of.

I wanted to stay up and watch the sky and waves, really "mountains high." By getting well braced, and holding

hard I managed to stay a little
 while at a time in the cabin doorway.
 Such waves and sky, such wild tumult.
 It was impossible to hear one speak, in
 fact to do anything but wait. During
 the afternoon it blew harder than ever.
 At seven o'clock the barometer began to rise
 a very little. At midnight the wind began
 to abate, and the weather growing gradu-
 ally better during the latter part of the night
 was quite decent this morning (Tuesday).
 I shall not forget the forlorn appearance
 of the ship when we came on deck this
 morning. We huddled together in a dry
 corner of the house, weak and faint, tired
 with the excitement and want of rest, and
 more weak, than hungry from want of food.
 At noon Steward brought us some nice
 soup which was refreshing indeed.
 Nellie did not realize much yesterday,
 she was too sick. Henry was frightened

but controlled himself. I did not feel any fear, I had confidence in the little ship and her captain, and the strange wild excitement, even fascination of the scene, banished fear."

As Mother said, I was too sick to realize much about the storm, but I do have several memories of it. One, of the violence with which the swing-bed, on which I was lying, would hit the cabin floor with the heavy rolling of the ship; another, of hearing at intervals the voice of one of the officers who had come part way down the cabin stairs saying, "How is she now?", and of some one answering, "She ain't moved a hair", and of course I knew "she" meant the barometer. Then I remember how strange everything looked when we came on deck and looked at the damage done by the storm.

To repair our disabled mast we went to Diego Garcia, an island of coral forma-

tion encircling a lagoon. There were many cocoa-nut trees on the island, and the inhabitants were occupied in making cocoa-nut oil. There were three establishments, Minnie Minnie, Point East, and Point Marianne, each run by a few white men with their families, and several hundred blacks.

As soon as we had anchored, two French gentlemen came on board and gave us a very cordial invitation to go on shore at Point Marianne. Father had been there before and knew what to expect, but we had no idea of seeing so many white people. Crowded together at the end of the pier, the ladies and children dressed in white, to my childish eyes it looked like a multitude awaiting us. Upon landing we were escorted to a large house and sat on the piazza for awhile looking at the sunset and the island, and

trying to talk. They knew a little English, and we less French. One of the boys, Edouard Bonnier, son of the proprietor, seemed to be interested in me and tried to entertain me. By the aid of the sign language we got along famously, and later became great friends.

After sitting on the piazza for some time we were shown the interior of the house, and soon dinner was served. After dinner there was music from a large hand organ which played forty tunes of various kinds, operatic, martial, dance, and which was operated by a huge colored man who kept audible time with his foot as he ground out the music. All the young people and some of the older ones danced, and we had a merry time. When it was bed-time we were taken to a small house nearby which was at our disposal while we staid on

shore. It seemed strange to me to go to a separate house to sleep.

During our stay on shore we were entertained at the other establishments, reaching them by going across the lagoon in boats. Our invitations were usually for breakfast, which was served about noon, and often out of doors. Of course we had a light breakfast earlier. I particularly remember our visit to Minnie Minnie where the Mangy Family lived. The morning was very pleasant and no one thought of rain, but just before we reached the landing place there was a down-pour, and many of the party were drenched. Our boat had an awning which was a protection. Mother covered me with her long cape, so I escaped, but most of the party were very wet, and had to borrow dry clothing. In many cases the

borrowed clothing did not fit and caused much amusement. Henry and Edouard wore long coats belonging to Jules Mangy, a young man of the family. However, the sun soon shone again, and by the time we were ready to leave the wet clothing had been dried and pressed.

When the mast was repaired we made ready to leave the island, but before going we entertained all the white population at a breakfast on board the Merlin. Fortunately we had a steward who enjoyed having company, and was only too glad to carry out Mother's wishes in the matter. He provided a fine meal which was very much enjoyed. There was dancing on deck and a gay time generally. Henry and I had had such a fine time with the children we were very sorry to say Good-bye. Later in the voyage we met the Bonnier family

again at Mauritius and renewed our acquaintance.

After leaving Diego Garcia we cruised for whales a few months with very little success, and then went into Makei, one of the Seychelles group, my brother's birth-place. It happened that we reached there his twelfth birthday.

Makei used to be a very popular place for whalers, men-of-war, and other craft, and the harbor was quite a lively place. It was a very good place to get supplies, to give shore leave to the men, and to get letters and papers from home.

We lived on shore while there. Madame Aps, who managed a hotel, found rooms for us in a house opposite the American consulate. She was very grateful to my father for having brought her son to America years before, and always tried to be helpful to him.

Mr. Torrance Atwater was the American consul, and as we had met him some months before at Johanna, we were very glad to renew the acquaintance. He invited us to have rooms in his house, but we thought it best to be by ourselves. However, we did arrange to take our meals with him. In my mother's journal she speaks of Mr. Atwater and his work with Clara Barton, but I am telling only what I myself remember. I liked Mr. Atwater very much, he was very kind to me. Once he took me with him when paying official visits to vessels in the harbor. I felt quite important, dressed in my best, sitting in the stern of the boat beside Mr. Atwater with the Stars and Stripes flying behind us, and being rowed from ship to ship paying official calls. I thought it was great fun when we boarded an English man-of-war to be

hoisted on deck in a chair, and then to walk with Mr. Atwater between two lines of sailors standing at attention, to the quarter deck and the captain's quarters. The calls were short and ceremonious. Sometimes the captain would be away, and then Mr. Atwater simply left his card without going on board.

I was very happy in finding here an English speaking companion about my own age, Anna Vaudin, the daughter of the rector of the English church. We played together, went to church together, and during one of our later visits to Mahé we attended a French school together. Henry went to the school three days which was enough for him, he preferred his liberty.

An interesting event of this first visit to Mahé was the dinner given by Governor Franklyn in honor of Queen

Victoria's birthday. Not that I went, or was invited, but Father and Mother went, and I was quite thrilled hearing about it and watching preparations. The English men-of-war Cossack and Bullfinch were in the harbor, and their captains and officers were invited as well as the official dignitaries of the island. My greatest pleasure came from watching Mother dress for the occasion, and I thought she looked as well as any one possibly could. Steward came on shore to stay with Henry and me during the evening, and so we sat up later than usual, and had rather an exciting time ourselves. Life on shore was a great change from the routine at sea. We were having callers or being entertained somewhere most of the time. There were quite a number of whalers in the harbor, and much visiting among the ships.

One particularly pleasant place to visit was the home of Dr. and Mrs. Brooks. They were both charming people and very kind to us. I thought Mrs. Brooks the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and her clothes perfectly lovely. It was Dr. Brooks who had been Mother's physician twelve years before when Henry was born, so the Brooks family did not seem strange to us.

We came back to Makei twice after this during the voyage. The second time we had a little house on shore all by ourselves. Madame Aps sent us a ^{We had} servant, a colored girl, who brought our meals from the hotel on a tray perched on the top of her head. When we saw all she brought we used to wonder how she could do it. The children found out that she kept needles and pins in her woolly hair, and we took great pleasure in asking her for a needle

or pin just to see her fumble in her hair to find it. She slept on the floor under a table, and seemed to be very comfortable. We called her Dinah.

The house was very attractive, but I was always afraid one of the little lizards that frequented the ceiling would drop on me, and I remember rousing the family from bed one night to look at something on the wall which I was sure was a centipede, but proved to be only a rat hole.

It was while we were staying in this house that I attended school. Despite the heat, I went to school from seven-thirty in the morning until three-thirty in the afternoon. The school was taught by a French woman, Madame Bouchon, and my time was spent mostly in writing French verbs, and trying to make my handwriting like

a copy she wrote for me. I remember the copy, "Anger is an unruly passion, which takes arms without waiting for the consent of reason." Then, in very much larger handwriting the words, "Improbability for." Occasionally I read in English, but I do not remember having much in the line of mathematics. About ten o'clock we stopped work for breakfast, having had only coffee and rolls before starting for school. Most of the children went home for this meal, but it was arranged for me to get it next door with Madame Aps. We went back immediately after breakfast. At two o'clock there was a short respite, when those who had any lunch ate it, and the others looked on. If one became thirsty, a light wine seemed the only drink available. The girls sat in one room, the boys in another, and Madame in the very wide

doorway between. There were children of all ages, and they all stayed the same length of time. The very little ones, just learning to read, were called upon early in the morning, and then apparently forgotten until just before closing time, when they were called upon again. I used to pity them sitting so still with nothing to do, for Madame was a very strict disciplinarian, and nothing escaped her eye.

Mother let us do as we chose about attending school, she thought I would soon tire of it, as Henry did, but I begged to be allowed to go because Anna Vandier went, and I thought I was having a fine time.

During our last visit to Mahé we stayed at Government House. Father had been very ill, was still very weak when we arrived, and Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn insisted on our staying with them, so that Father could be quiet and rest.

I thought Government House was very fine, and the grounds and gardens very beautiful. I also enjoyed the dinner at night, and all the ceremony attending it. The only drawback to this was that dinner lasted so long it was almost my bed-time before it was over, leaving very little time for me to hear Miss Franklyn play the piano and sing. However, there was some compensation, for after I had been put to bed, Rose, a Cape Town woman, nurse in the family, would sit in the room with me, and many a good story she told me when I was supposed to be asleep.

I liked all the Franklyn family very much, but Miss Franklyn (Edith Maud Margaret being her full name) was my favorite.

I loved music, and she played and sang to me, then she had very pretty clothes, and seemed to be a great favorite with

the gentlemen, all of which was most interesting to me. I shall always remember her and wonder what became of her.

Between our visits to Mahi we were cruising for whales, of course, and not having very good luck. There was great rejoicing when we had secured one thousand barrels of oil. Steward made doughnuts for all hands and they were cooked in the oil in the try-pots. They were delicious I thought then and I don't remember any taste of oil. We children ate until we were forbidden to eat more. Later on, however, after we had gone to bed, Steward managed to sneak a few more to us at our earnest solicitation, and there were no ill effects.

During these cruises we visited Johanna again, renewed old acquaintances and had new experiences; stopped at Assumption island where my dear dog Jack had fits and ran away from us; and also

I visited Zanzibar.

I have a very pleasant memory of our stay ^{at Zanzibar} there because we met Mr. Webb, the American consul, his wife, and two children Mary and Charlie. They came from Salem, Mass. We hadn't seen American children for so long we were delighted, and had a very jolly time with them. We stayed on shore at the American consulate part of the time, and everyone was very kind to us and showed us the sights of Zanzibar.

I have a memory of walking through the narrow streets, passing all kinds of foreign people and animals, and being terrified upon turning around to find a camel walking very, very close to me.

We visited the Sultan's palace, he was not there, but we were shown a very long, high room with beautiful long mirrors on each side on the walls, and a raised platform at one end - a reception room

I suppose. To reach that room we had crossed an open court with a fountain in the center and many lovely flowers. I looked at all the shuttered windows expecting to see faces, for some one had told me that women and slaves were probably inside watching us.

We also went to Nazamoria, a pretty green spot outside the city where the white population went walking and riding after dinner. Mr. Sparhawk, clerk at the consulate, lived with the Webbs and was very friendly with us. He took us to see the slaves sift copal, and through the rooms where it is picked over and assorted. We were very sorry to leave Zanzibar, Mary and I exchanged letters at parting. I still have one from her sent to me at Boo-boo-boo, outside the town, where we had stopped for water.

We had a great feast on oranges

while in Zanzibar, and when we left, every available space on the ship was filled with them. Mr. Sparhawk had taught me how to eat an orange by holding it on a fork in one hand, and with a very sharp knife cutting away the skin and pulp with the other. He could do it very skilfully and gracefully, but I never became expert, and found easier methods.

Before going back to Maké for the second time we celebrated our third Christmas at sea. For some time previous Steward, Henry and I, "the three children," as Mother called us, had been very busy making a panorama. We cut pictures from papers and magazines, painted them, and pasted them, attractively arranged on a long strip of cloth. This long strip was wound on rollers and placed in a box, the front of which was fitted with curtains which could be

drawn aside to disclose the beauties of the panorama as it was unrolled. It was our plan to give exhibitions of it in the house on deck to all the crew on Christmas eve. The panorama was a great success, each man on board had a ticket and the performance was repeated as many times as was necessary for all to witness it. Henry was the showman and described its wonders. Half way through the performance there was an intermission, and I passed around peanuts and lemonade.

After the show was over we hung up our stockings, and in the morning found them full of a variety of things. Mother ^{had} sacrificed part of a black silk cape, ^{and} from it, with a great deal of her help, we had made a necktie for each man on board. Those for the officers were hung Christmas eve with a

nice white handkerchief. With each
 necktie for the boatsteerers was a red
 handkerchief, and these, with the
 neckties for the men, were presented
 Christmas morning. Each necktie
 was wrapped in white paper and
 tied with narrow ribbon, and Henry
 and I greatly enjoyed distributing them
 and wishing everybody Merry Christmas.
 The pigs were killed that all might have
 fresh pork for dinner. Of course the
 presents exchanged were small and
 of little value in themselves, but they
 served to break the monotony, and make
 everyone feel cheerful.

About this time Henry and I began
 keeping journals. I still have mine.
 Some of the entries are very brief, and
 others help to bring back incidents other-
 wise forgotten.

✓ I had a great many ^{on board} pets, such as

doves, chickens, dogs, pigs, a goat, a turtle, a mongoose, and many little birds that alighted on the ship to rest. In every port some one gave me a pet, and I was very busy caring for them. Quoting from my journal,

"My little female dove got overboard to-day when no one saw her. I am very sorry, its mate Dick is too"

"Dick is very lonely, so I put one of my dolls in the cage with him to see how he would like it. He bows and coos to it the same as though it were his mate, and does not seem to care whether she answers him or not"

"Left Johanna this forenoon. I had a present of a black pigeon. I tried to get a mate for my dove. I engaged twelve men to get me one and they all said, "To-morrow". So the doll is still his mate.

"It is Father's birthday. Henry gave him a picture of the Merlin, and I made him a bag for his charts. Had the Turkey, green peas, and plum duff for dinner.

"Gammed the Amie Ann and the Pacific. Captain and Mrs Pierce and little Willie came on board early in the afternoon. Captain Taber came in the evening. Mrs. Pierce and Mother were school girls together. Willie is three years old, but he gave me a description of catching a whale."

"Saw whales to-day. Mr. Luce got one. Mr. Carr struck another and his line parted"

In preparation for our visit to Mauritius Mother read "Paul and Virginia" to us. We thought it very interesting but sad. Later, in the cemetery there, we saw the two mounds said to be their graves.

During our stay at Mauritius we lived on shore at Hotel Masse. Hotel life seemed very grand to me, especially as we had a private dining-room. All I can remember of the food is the French rolls, unsalted butter, and radishes, which were served every morning and which tasted very good to me. Unsalted butter was a great novelty.

The hotel was built around a court, and I never tired of leaning over the balcony around our floor and watching the life below in the courtyard. We had a very pleasant visit with a Mrs Moon at her country home. The house was filled with curiosities, especially shells, very interesting to Mother who had a collection herself. I was more interested in her many pets, the sugar cane fields, and a beautiful water-fall.

We were also entertained by Mr. and Mrs Robinson, Americans I think, and it was there I had my first view of a magic lantern. The Bonnier family from Diego Garcia had come to Mauritius to live, and we renewed our acquaintance with them. Edouard and I had many good times together. ^{When we arrived at Mauritius}

There were a great many vessels in the harbor, whalers, merchant men and others. Many of the captains and officers were old friends, and I had considerable attention from them. Probably I reminded them of some little girl left at home who was dear to them, and so they were kind to me. One friendship in particular stays in my memory, that with Mr. Elmore, second officer of the English merchantman Ferdinand de Lesseps. He was at the hotel a great deal and

was a marked figure because he had been arrested by his captain for mutiny, and was out on bail, awaiting orders from the owners in England. As the story was told, some part of the rudder broke and the captain, not knowing what to do, gave orders to run the vessel aground and abandon her. Mr. Elmore objected to letting the vessel be sacrificed, improvised a rudder, and brought her into Mauritius. When Mr. Elmore took charge of things the captain shut himself in his stateroom and remained there until they reached port. Then he had Mr. Elmore arrested for mutiny. There was much talk of the affair, and I never knew how it was finally settled.]

Mr. Elmore took me to the Episcopal church, to the bazaar, the fort across the harbor, the cafe for ice-cream, and to

luncheon on board the Ferdinand de Lesseps. I was very much interested in going over the vessel, which was a large one, also quite excited by crawling through a dark passage-way to see the place where the rudder stem had broken, and how it had been temporarily repaired.

Mr. Elmore treated me as though I was quite grown up, and seemed to be very much interested and amused by my conversation and comments. He frequently sent me boxes of candy, and when we were leaving came on board to bid us good-bye, and to exchange pictures with me. I still have his picture and the For-get-me-not keepsake accompanying it.

✓ After leaving Mauritius we cruised in a southerly direction towards Cape of Good Hope, seeing a number of whalers, and getting an occasional

^{one}
whale.

A very exciting thing happened to me during this cruise.

One night after supper I came on deck with the firm determination to catch the pretty little pilot fish which had been swimming under the stern close to the rudder all day. I climbed into the starboard boat to throw out my lines so that the bait would be in position to be seen by the fish. Several times I climbed back on deck and looked over the stern to see if it ^{were} was right, and the Frenchman at the wheel warned me that I would fall, but of course I knew better. Then, instead of coming in on deck, I thought of a quicker way to reach the stern, and stepping out of the boat, walked between the boat and the ship on a narrow trimming which ran around the vessel a short distance below

the rail. I had done this successfully a great many times, although it was forbidden, but this time I slipped on a rope hanging from the boat's davit and fell into the water.

Now, nearly all my pets had at some time fallen overboard and been rescued for me, so I had no fear.

When I went down into the water I remembered something Mr. Rouseville, our second mate, had said. He was a great tease and had said, "Oh yes, we can save your pets, but if you got overboard you'd sink like a stone," and I thought, "I won't sink."

When I came up I put one hand over my mouth to keep out the water, kicked and splashed, and thought I was swimming. I heard the look-out at mast head shout, and knew he had seen me. *The next time*

The next time I rose I saw a crowd in the stern, Mother bending over the rail, Father standing behind holding her back, Henry, Steward and others. I seemed to be going round in a circle, first I saw the sun, which was very near setting, and then I couldn't see it for awhile. I looked at the spread eagle on the stern and read the name of the vessel. I thought it was the last time I should see the sun or the ship. Under water it seemed like going to sleep. I did not think of sharks, but felt I must not look down. When I rose again I saw Frank, one of the men, close to me and it gave me hope. I also saw the boat coming, but thought it very slow. I tried to swim as hard as I could, and when I took hold of Frank remembered the stories we had read warning against

holding anyone round the neck who was trying to save you from drowning. I thought I was holding him very lightly, but I must have lost consciousness somewhat for the men had to pull my hands apart when we reached the boat.

Later I learned that three men had jumped overboard for me, Frank, a Portuguese, Charlie, a Tanaka, and Steward. Frank reached me first, but he could not have saved me if Charlie had not stayed under water and held us up until the boat came. I have a faint memory of seeing them pick up Steward and dump him into the bottom of the boat without much ceremony. I had just consciousness enough to feel that he was not being treated well and to pity him. I suppose they were tried with him for having jumped overboard, as

he could not swim and only added to the confusion. But he was excited and wanted to help, and I appreciated it.

It seems that when I fell, Father and Mother were sitting in the cabin on deck playing back-gammon. They heard the movement in the boat and the splash when I fell, but thought it was the boatsteerer working in the boat. The man-at-the-wheel rushed to the door and in his excitement shouted something in French. Mother recognized the words "little girl" and "water", and knew what had happened.

Half the ship's crew were still below eating supper. The officers scattered about, Henry and Steward in the pantry. Charlie Kanaka heard the commotion, rushed on deck, located

me, and jumped overboard just as he was, even to the pipe in his mouth. Frank followed, and then Steward. When the alarm was given from mast-head everybody rushed on deck and a boat was quickly lowered, but alone could not have reached me in time. I heard that everybody on board was so frightened that at first no one thought to stop the vessel which was going fast. Poor Father, like many sea-faring men could not swim and felt quite helpless. He had been sick, was still feeling miserable and this fright made him sick in bed again. I remember when we reached the ship, Father took me from the boat and carried me below to the cabin. I had swallowed quite a little water and felt sick and weak, so he gave me a hot drink

and soon had me dry and warm again. He said he had caught a mermaid. Everybody had been so frightened there was a request to see me, so after I was rested Father put me on his shoulder and took me all around the deck, even as far forward as the fore-castle, so every one could see I was safe and well. I was quite important for awhile. The next day there was no school, and everyone was anxious to do something for me. Even my brother condescended to make me a solitaire peg-board. But there were results of falling overboard which were not so pleasant. No longer could I climb into the boats, or part way up the rigging, or lean over the rail as formerly, and when I wanted to fish I was ignominiously tied to the rail.

I was glad the accident happened near the end of the voyage.

Now we come to our fourth Christmas at sea. This time Mother and Steward made Christmas cake for all hands, and Christmas morning Henry and I distributed it together with some of the sugar the King of Johanna had sent me from his sugar plantation. He sent me one hundred pounds and I gave a large panful to each watch. It was quite a treat as they usually had molasses for sweetening. There was an extra good dinner for all.

Our stockings were as full as usual, and, by request, the panorama was shown again.

We had hoped to stop at Cape Town, but encountered a heavy gale and could not get in. We had a

fine view of it, however, and of Table mountain.

I always remember the day we rounded the Cape into the Atlantic ocean for it was my eleventh birthday, and because of the bad weather Father could not leave the deck and go below to hunt for my birthday present. Of course I was interested in getting round the Cape safely, but it did seem as though it took a long time, and the weather continued so bad I had to wait several days.

Father was a great tease, and when he did have leisure to look for my present he hunted and hunted, pretending he didn't know where to look, and that perhaps there wasn't anything after all. I was getting rather worried, and trying to feel resigned to disappointment when he produced a most

beautiful writing desk which, when closed, became a daintily finished work box. I was delighted with it and still treasure it.

✓ Not long after rounding the Cape we stopped at St. Helena. It was quite necessary to stop somewhere, as we were short of water. In my journal I read, "Henry has put himself on an allowance of one bottle of water in twenty-four hours", and naturally my next entry reads, "I was on allowance of water, one bottle for twenty-fours for table and washing purposes, and had half a bottle left at four o'clock." Whatever Henry did I did, if possible.

Mother had told us considerable about St. Helena and her previous visit there, so we were very much interested to see it. At first it

looked like an enormous rock rising out of the water, but soon we could see green places here and there. Before long we had anchored opposite the town which lay in such a narrow valley it looked as though there was but one long street stretching off into the distant mountains.

On one side, rising straight up from the square at the entrance to the street, was a high hill surmounted by a fort. There were wooden steps leading up from the street to the fort, and I never tired of watching the soldiers going up and down. I have heard it called Ladder mountain.

Soon after we had anchored, Mr. Smith, from the firm of William Erridge & Co. Shipping Agents, came on board, and invited us to stay at his house while on shore.

Mr. Smith lived in town with a younger brother for company, and the rest of the family lived at St. John's Villa, just outside the town. It was a large family, nine young people besides Mr. Smith. There was Fanny, a young widow of twenty-four, Rosa Eva, Johnny, Eddie, Percy, Alice, Mabel, and Helena. After Mrs. Smith became a widow she had married Mr. Erridge, and Mabel and Helena were his children. Eva came to the town house to act as hostess and entertain us while we were there. She was only fifteen, but dignified and very polite.

One very pleasing thing to me about St. Helena was that everyone spoke English. It was the first part of which that was true, and I was very glad to find I could understand everything that was said by everybody.

Eva and Eddie had a great many friends, and we had glorious times together. Henry and I were delighted to have so many young companions. Every morning we went to the public gardens and had great fun playing games, running races, telling stories.

One day the crowd went to the Briars where Napoleon had once stayed. It was a very long walk and very hilly, so we took turns riding on a little pony.

The children were all very curious about America and asked such queer questions. I remember being very indignant when asked if there ~~were~~ any churches in America.

We had a beautiful ride to Sandy Bay on the other side of the island to call on Mrs. Alexander, an old

friend of Mother's. Eva went with us. The driver rode postillion fashion, and some of the boys accompanied us on horseback part of the way. It was a wonderful drive over the mountains, but I felt somewhat afraid, the roads were so narrow, and so very steep.

Most every evening we went to St. John's Villa to be with the rest of the family. There was music and dancing, and Johnny and Eddie sang very nicely together. The last day we entertained them all on board the Merlin. I disliked leaving St. Helena, we had enjoyed ourselves so very much.

Soon we came to Ascension Island, but did not stay long. We went on shore and called at the Naval station, saw the officers quarters, the church and stables, also took a long walk

to see the volcanic formation of the island, and brought back some of the strange sand which looked like finely ground shells. The terrible heat impressed me more than anything else. I wore a thin, low-necked dress, and my neck and shoulders were burned to a blister. I recall a cool, dark room where we rested, were served with a refreshing drink, and where there was a parrot in a cage. I was hoping the parrot would talk, but as he seemed about to do so one of the men threw a cloth over his cage and took him out of the room rather quickly. I was disappointed, but Mother said perhaps he didn't use very good language.

After leaving Ascension we felt we were really bound for home.

The ship was cleaned and painted, and everything put in good order. Everybody was more or less excited as we neared the end of the voyage. I quote the last entry in my journal, "It was very cold last ~~last~~ night. I brought the birds down below. We shut the door and then we could not keep warm with all the blankets we had. My poor little Polly Hopkins died to-day. I am very sorry. Everybody expects to see Gay Head light to-night."

We did see the light, as expected, about eight o'clock. When it was sighted everybody was eager to see the first home light, and there was a general rush forward. I was as excited as anybody and started to run forward, forgot the step from the quarter deck to the main deck, and

fell flat. Nobody paid any attention to me, however, and I picked myself up, my enthusiasm somewhat subdued.

Before long the pilot came on board. It was a restless night with very little sleep for anyone, and everybody was on deck early the next morning. There was general packing and preparing for shore. I remember seeing Steward throw overboard the biscuits left from breakfast, and thinking how very wasteful he was, but then, who wanted them, and they couldn't be left in the pantry.

As soon as we anchored the vessel was surrounded by "sharks", Father called them, really boats, containing men waiting to take off the crew to the various outfitting establishments they represented.

find them boarding-places, and eventually get all their money.

In just a few moments after the anchor was dropped there was no one on the ship but our family, a few relatives and friends who had come off to greet us, and a shipkeeper who would remain on board.

Soon we also had left and were landing at the wharf, then driving to our old home, which had been occupied while we were away by relatives.

I still remember the thick steak and delicious hot biscuits we had for our first meal. The house with its four confining walls did not seem like home for a long time. I missed going on deck and the free out-of-door life on shipboard which I had enjoyed for four

80.

years, and which has always
remained such a very pleasant
memory.

When I Went a-Whaling.

Years ago when New Bedford was Queen City of the whaling fleets, my father, Captain David E. Allen, took my mother, brother Henry, and ^{me} myself on a four years voyage to the Indian Ocean.

I well remember the first whale we actually caught. How excited I was watching the preparations for lowering the boats, the chase, the capture of the whale, and its towing to the ship.

When Christmas came we had a little bag with a needle book and tobacco in it for Father, the officer, steward, cook and steerage boy. We made button bags for the sailors. We distributed them with a Merry Christmas to each sailor forward. Steward and Cook made molasses candy, and that with raisins did for confectionery. Christmas Eve Henry and I hung up our stockings, and in the morning found them full to overflowing. There were contributions from all parts of the ship. We found artificial flowers,

fancy soap, rings and tooth picks made from the ivory of whales' teeth and Father gave us each a gold dollar. We had an extra fine dinner fore and aft.

A few days after Christmas we rounded Cape of Good Hope and headed for the Indian Ocean, which was to be our whaling ground. We reached Europa Island in the Mozambique Channel and some of the boats went on shore for turtle. They brought off mire, and there was a change of diet for all hands, turtle soup, cake and custard from the eggs, and the meat cooked in various ways. The turtles looked very large to me and I had great fun riding around the deck on their backs, being very careful to keep my feet away from their mouths. Whenever we passed islands where there were turtles we would send a boat's crew ashore to patrol the beach for a night, and turn over on their backs any turtles coming up to lay their eggs in

the sand. On their backs they were helpless, and could not get away.

We stopped in Delagoa Bay about a week getting wood, water, and fruit, and letting the men go ashore for a change. When we left we made our way northward through the Mosambique Channel, always searching for whales.

When a whale was caught my favorite place for watching the cutting in process was the star-board boat, which afforded a fine view of everything.

The island of Johanna was well known to whalers. It had a walled town and a good harbor. The inhabitants, except the slaves, were Mohammedans.

The King of Johanna knew my father well. There was one Englishman there who had a large sugar plantation in the interior. Soon after we anchored there the decks were filled with Johannamen.

eager to trade

They brought rose-oil, shells, vegetables, fruit, mats and many other things and were noisy and

talkative. The next day the King and his suite and Prince Mahomet came on board to make official visits. I liked the King very much although he teased me frequently, trying to make me say I would remain on the island, marry the little Prince Shinto, and be the future Queen. I took it quite seriously and was troubled, but told him I could never change my religion, and of course the Prince could never become a Christian, so that romance was nipped in the bud.

We returned the official visits of the King and Prince Mahomet very soon. We saw three of the King's wives and three children. At Prince Mahomet's we saw a great many beautiful things which he had brought home from his travels. He had lived some years in Constantinople and showed us his court suit his robes of real cashmere lined with silk and embroidered with gold thread, his decorations and

swords, and many other interesting things. He didn't seem to have any wives, but he had brought home from Constantinople four Circassian slaves. One of them he left with the Sultan of Larzibar, one he gave to the King, and two he kept himself.

One day we were invited to dine with the King. We were met at the palace door by one of the courtiers. He took me by the hand and led our party to the reception room, where the King and his courtiers awaited us. The King was seated at one end in a large chair with the courtiers on either side of the room also in large chairs. By the side of each chair was a high silver spittoon, necessary, as every Mohammedan chews the betel-nut. The furniture was covered with crimson silk and the men wore long flowing robes of rich colors embroidered with gold thread, bril-

liant sashes, and various decorations. They carried gold and silver-mounted swords, and on their heads wore white or colored turbans. As we entered they all rose and the King came forward a little to greet us. Soon we had dinner consisting of several kinds of breads, cakes and preserves unlike anything I had ever eaten before. There was also beef, fowl and vegetables, but their religion did not allow pork, or its use in cooking.

One day I went ashore alone with Father and we had an interesting adventure. We were walking through a rather deserted street when a slave appeared ahead of us and kept turning around beckoning us to follow him. At first we paid no attention but he seemed so distressed Father said we might as

well see what he wanted. Suddenly he stopped at what looked like a hole in a wall, beckoned very vigorously and disappeared, only to reappear and beckon again. So we followed him through the opening into a very dark passage. I was frightened, but Father took my hand and said it was all right. I think he guessed where we were going. We groped along in the dark and finally came out into a large, light room, a harem, almost filled with women who had come by secret passages from other harems to see me, their curiosity overcoming their fear of being found out. They pressed around me, examined my clothing, even lifted my dress to see my skirts and I resented their familiarity, but Father said

I must not feel that way, they were just curious. He gave them tobacco to put with their betel-nut which they chewed as well as the men. They treated us to sweetmeats, and loaded me with bead chains, rosettes, rose-oil, fans. Then the slave led us back to the street which I was glad to see once more.

While we were in Johanna I had my first sight of an English man-of-war. The Cossack, Captain Parish. We went on board, also entertained the captain and officers on our vessel, and exchanged books and papers.

In Johanna and elsewhere we saw many other whalers. We had a great time gambling. Gambling is visiting; both ships are entertaining and

being entertained. Books and papers, fruit, vegetables and gossip are freely exchanged. Often while we were in Johanna we would have five or six captains to supper, and then a crowd in the evening, both fore and aft. There was always music and frequently dancing. Plenty of partners for me being the only little girl. We were often able to send home letters by passing ships bound direct to some port. Occasionally a ship would bring us letters from home.

Some months after, we went to Mahé. While there the American Consul was very kind to me. Once he took me with him when paying official visits to vessels in the harbor. I felt quite important dressed in

my best, sitting in the stern beside Mr. Atwater, with the Stars and Stripes flying behind us, and being rowed from ship to ship paying official calls. I thought it was great fun when we boarded an English man-of-war to be hoisted on deck in a chair, and then to walk with him to the captain's quarters between two lines of sailors standing at attention. Life on shore was a great change from the routine at sea. We were having callers or being entertained most of the time. There were quite a number of whalers in the harbor, and much visiting among the ships.

On a second visit to Makee we had a little house on shore all by ourselves. We had a

servant, a colored girl, who brought our meals from the hotel on a tray perched on the top of her head. When we saw all she brought we wondered how she could do it. The children found out she kept needles and pins in her wooly hair, and we took great pleasure in asking for them just to see her fumble in her hair. She slept on the floor under a table and seemed to be very comfortable. We called her Dilah. The house was very attractive, but I was always afraid one of the little ligards that frequented the ceiling would drop on me. I remember rousing the family from bed one night to look at something on the wall which I was sure was a centipede, but proved to be only a rat hole.

Between our visits in port we were cruising for whales, of course and not having very good luck. There was great rejoicing when we had secured one ^{thousand} barrels of oil. Steward made doughnuts for all hands, and they were cooked in the oil in the try-pots. I had a great many pets on the ship, such as doves, chickens, dogs, pigs, a goat, a turtle, a mongooe, and many little birds that alighted on the ship to rest. In every port some one gave me a pet and I was very busy caring for them.

When we arrived at Mauritius there were a great many vessels in the harbor, whalers, merchant-men and others. Many of the captains and officers were old friends. One friendship in particular stays in my

memory, that with Mr. Elmore, second officer of the English merchant-man Ferdinand de Lesseps. He was at the hotel where we stayed a great deal and was a marked figure because he had been arrested by his captain for mutiny, and was out on bail awaiting orders from the owners in England. As the story was told, some part of the rudder broke, and the captain, not knowing what to do, gave orders to run the vessel aground and abandon her. Mr. Elmore objected to letting the vessel be sacrificed, improvised a rudder and brought her into Mauritius. When he took charge of things the captain shut himself in his ~~in~~ his stateroom and remained there until they reached port. Then he had him arrested.

for mutiny. There was much talk of the affair and I never knew how it was finally settled. Mr. Enore took me to church, to the bazaar, the fort across the harbor, the café for ice-cream, and to luncheon on board the Ferdinand de Lesseps. I was very much interested in going over the vessel which was a large one, also quite excited by crawling through a dark passage-way to see the place where the rudder stem had broken, and how it it had been temporarily repaired.

After leaving Mauritius we cruised in a southerly direction towards Cape of Good Hope. A very exciting thing happened to me during this cruise. One night after supper I came on deck determined to catch the pretty little pilot fish which had been swimming

close to the rudder all day.
I climbed into the starboard
boat to throw out my line.
Several times I climbed back on
deck and looked over the stern
to see if it were right. Then, in-
stead of coming in on deck I
thought of a quicker way to reach
the stern, and stepping out of
the boat, walked between the boat
and the ship on a narrow
trimming which ran around
the vessel a short distance below
the sail. I had done this
successfully a great many times,
although it was forbidden, but
this time I slipped on a rope
hanging from the boat's davit and
fell into the water.

Now, nearly all my pets had at
sometime fallen overboard and
been rescued for me, so I had
no fear. When I went down into

the water I remembered something our second mate had said. He was a great tease and had said, "Oh yes, we can save your pets, but if you fell overboard you'd sink like a stone", and I thought, "I won't sink". When I came up I put one hand over my mouth to keep out the water, kicked and splashed, and thought I was swimming. I heard the lookout at mast-head shout and knew he had seen me. The next time I rose I saw a crowd in the stern, Mother bending over the rail, Father standing behind holding her back, Henry, Steward and others. I seemed to be going around in a circle, first I saw the sun, which was near setting, and then I couldn't see it for awhile. I looked at the spread eagle on the

Later I learned that three men had jumped overboard for me, Frank, a Portuguese, Charlie, a Kanaka, and Steward. Frank reached me first, but he could not have saved me if Charlie had not stayed under water and held us up until the boat came. I have a faint memory of seeing them pick up Steward, who could not swim, and dump him into the bottom of the boat without much ceremony. I had just consciousness enough to feel he was not being treated well and to pity him.

It seems that when I fell Father and Mother were sitting in the cabin on deck playing backgammon. They heard the movement in the boat and the splash, but thought it was the boatsteerer working. The man at the wheel

stern and read the name of the vessel, The Merlin, ^{and} I thought it was the last time I should see the sun or the ship. I did not think of sharks, but felt I must not look down. When I rose again I saw Frank, one of the sailors, close to me. I saw the boat coming, but thought it very slow. I tried to swim as hard as I could, and when I took hold of Frank remembered the stories we had read warning against holding anyone around the neck who was trying to save you from drowning. I thought I was holding him very lightly, but I must have lost consciousness somewhat, for the men had to pull my hands apart when we reached the boat.

rushed to the door of the cabin and in his excitement shouted something in French. Mother recognized the words "little girl" and "water" and knew what had happened. Half the ship's crew were still below eating supper, the officers scattered about, Henry and Steward in the pantry. Charlie Kanaka heard the commotion, rushed on deck, located me, and jumped overboard just as he was even to the pipe in his mouth. Frank followed, and then Steward.

When the alarm was given from masthead everyone rushed on deck and a boat was quickly lowered. I heard that at first everyone was so frightened no one thought to stop the vessel which was going fast. Poor Father, like many sea-faring men could not swim and felt quite helpless. When we reached the

ship Father took me from the boat and carried me below to the cabin.

Not long after rounding the Cape we stopped at St. Helena. At first it looked like an enormous rock rising out of the water, but soon we could see green places here and there. Before long we had anchored opposite the town which lay ~~lay~~ in such a narrow valley it looked as though there was but one long street stretching off into the distant mountains. On one side, rising straight up from the square at the entrance to the street was a high hill surmounted by a fort. There were wooden steps leading up to it and I never tired of watching the soldiers going up and down. I have heard it called Ladder Mountain. We stayed on shore with friends while in

St Helena. One day the crowd went to the Briars where Napoleon had stayed for awhile. It was a very long walk and very hilly, so we children took turns riding on a little pony. They were all very curious about America and asked such queer questions. I remember being very indignant when one of the children asked if there were any churches in America.

After leaving St. Helena we soon came to Ascension Island, but did not stay there long.

Leaving Ascension we felt we were really bound for home.

The ship was cleaned and painted and everything put in good order.

Everybody was more or less

excited as we neared the end of the voyage and ^{was} watching for Gay Head light - the first home light, which we saw about eight o'clock one night. Before long the Pilot came on board. It was a restless night with very little sleep for anyone. Everybody was on deck early the next morning. There was general packing and preparing for shore.

As soon as we anchored the vessel was surrounded by "Sharks", Father called them, really men in boats waiting to take off the crew to the sailor outfitting establishments they represented, find them boarding places and eventually get all their money. Soon we also had left and were driving to our old home. I still remember the thick steak and delicious hot

biscuits we had for our first meal. The house with its four confining walls did not seem like home for a long time. I missed going on deck, and the free out-of-door life on shipboard which I had enjoyed for four years, and which has always remained such a very pleasant memory.